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Brownie in Christmas land.

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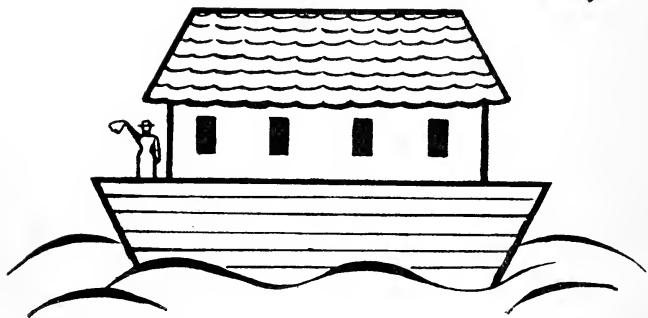




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BROWNIE
IN
CHRISTMAS LAND







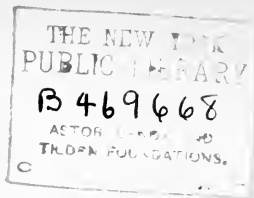


I WANT THE VERY BEST DREAM YOU CAN MIX



LONDON ~ ~ ~
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BROWNIE IN CHRISTMAS LAND

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“Hurrah! hurrah! Here I am again,” sang the Christmas Sprite. He shook himself well, for he’d been fast asleep all the year, and he polished up his pretty wings until they shone. Then away into the snowy world he flew, peeping down the chimneys, peering through the windows, and laughing and chattering to himself as he danced along.

The magic dream-man had just brewed a lovely dream. Business was very slack, but the old man was looking with pride round his dusty shop. He had rows of bottles filled with all

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kinds of wonderful things for making dreams. He had reins for nightmares, who ride over your pillows at night, and gallop so close that they brush your hair until it stands on end with fright.

He had—but—

“Rat-a-tat-tat!” came a knock at the door, and in leapt the Christmas Sprite. “I want the very best dream you can mix, old friend,” he cried, “for a good little Brownie I know of.”

“Ho! ho!” laughed the dream-man, “I’ve the very thing here; a dream, chock full of Christmas cheer; just what a very good Brownie would like. Sprinkle this dust over his sleepy eyes, and he’ll be as happy as any Brownie alive. Ho! ho! Now off you go.”

Brownie was lying snug and warm in his little bed, wide awake with excitement. Mummie Brownie had given him his good-night kiss, and had actually told him to go to sleep! But then, Mummie didn't seem a bit excited about Santa Claus, and hadn't even hung up her stocking!

Soft snowflakes were falling against the window, and Brownie tried to count them as they hurried lightly down, but he began to feel very sleepy. "Oh, dear," he sighed, "if Santa Claus doesn't come soon, I shall be fast asleep"; and he tucked his little nose well under the blankets, and closed his eyes.

“Hello there! Wake up, Brownie!” cried a voice, and Brownie sat up in surprise. A queer little fellow with wings of shining holly was dancing round his bed, calling, “Wake up, Brownie! There’s no time to waste. We’re off to Christmas Land.”

Brownie rubbed his eyes in sleepy wonderment.

“Come along, Brownie,” the Christmas Sprite continued. “We’ll catch the moon as she sails by the window. Here she comes!” And before he could tell how it happened, they were both sailing through the clouds in a lovely white boat, shaped just like the moon.

Brownie peeped at his companion. He looked such a jolly little fellow, laughing and chattering to the stars, who twinkled with friendliness as they passed.

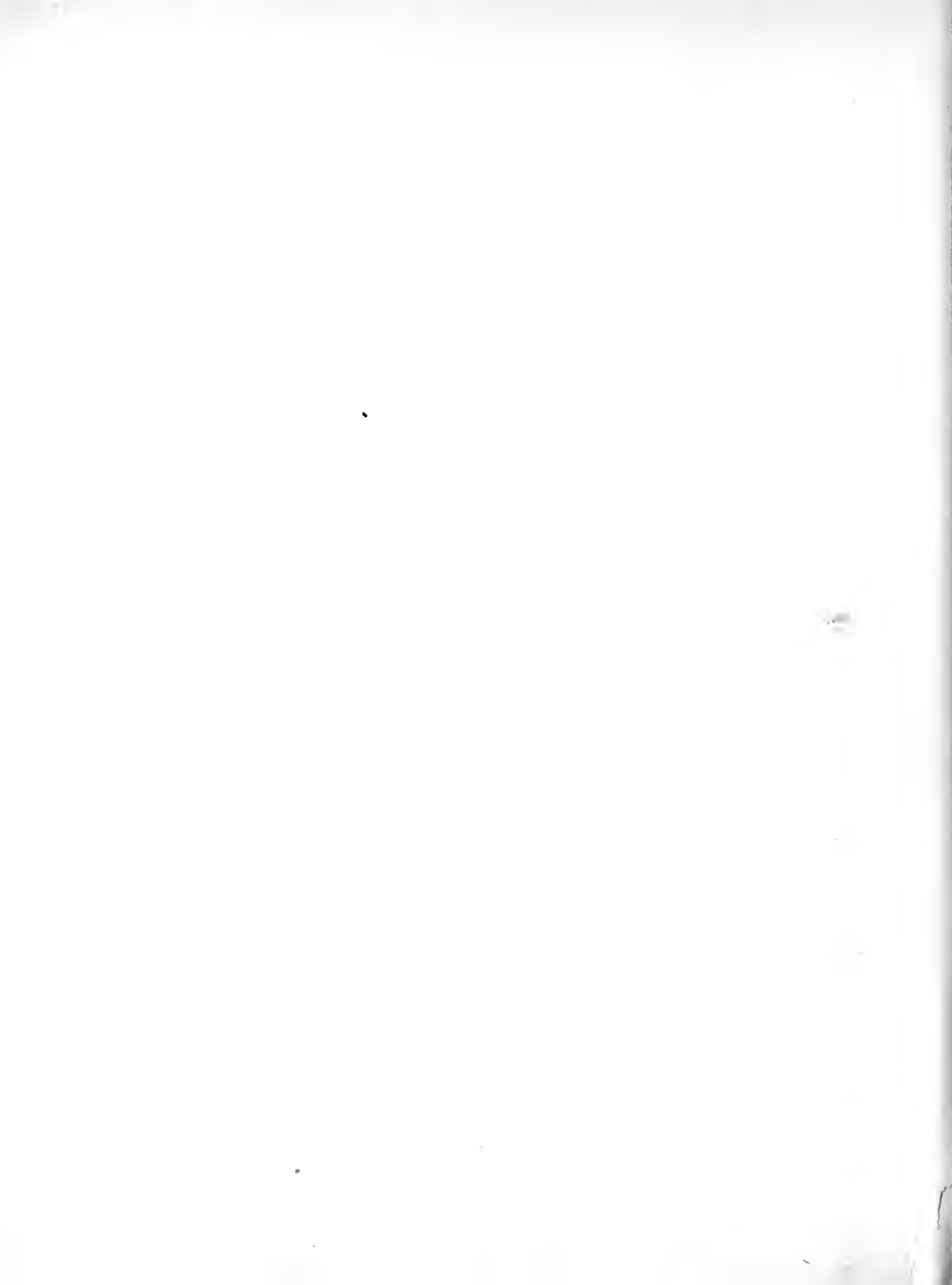
At last, they sailed right over the top of a very big cloud, and down through a soft white mist; and just as Brownie was beginning to be a bit afraid, they landed, with a bump, outside the gates of Christmas Land.

“Who goes there?” chirruped a fat cock-robin, who was busily sweeping away the snow from around his sentry box.

“Why, it’s Brownie, to be sure!” he exclaimed. “Welcome to Christmas Land, my dear. Why! bless my beak,” he twittered, “if only I’d known you were coming, my wife would have baked you one of her delicious seed cakes.”



WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS LAND MY DEAR



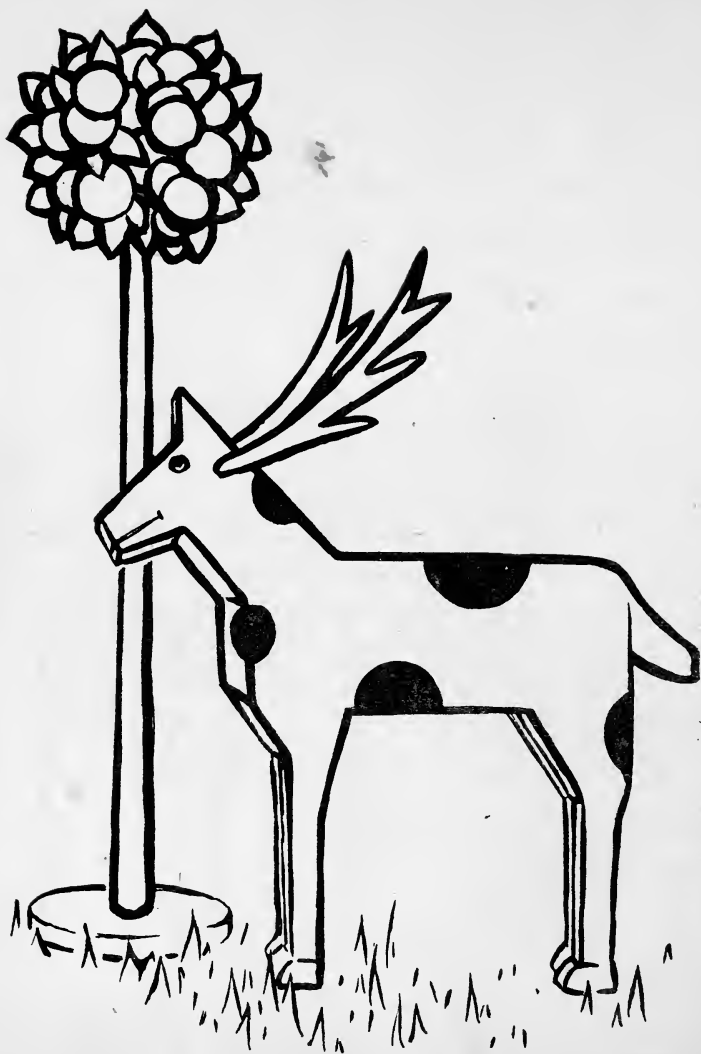


“Now let me see,” he continued fussily, “the toy train leaves in a minute or two, and will take you direct to toy-land.” He hopped forward and opened the gates, and there, puffing away, all ready to start, was a fine green train, with a jolly gollywog driver who was beckoning to them.

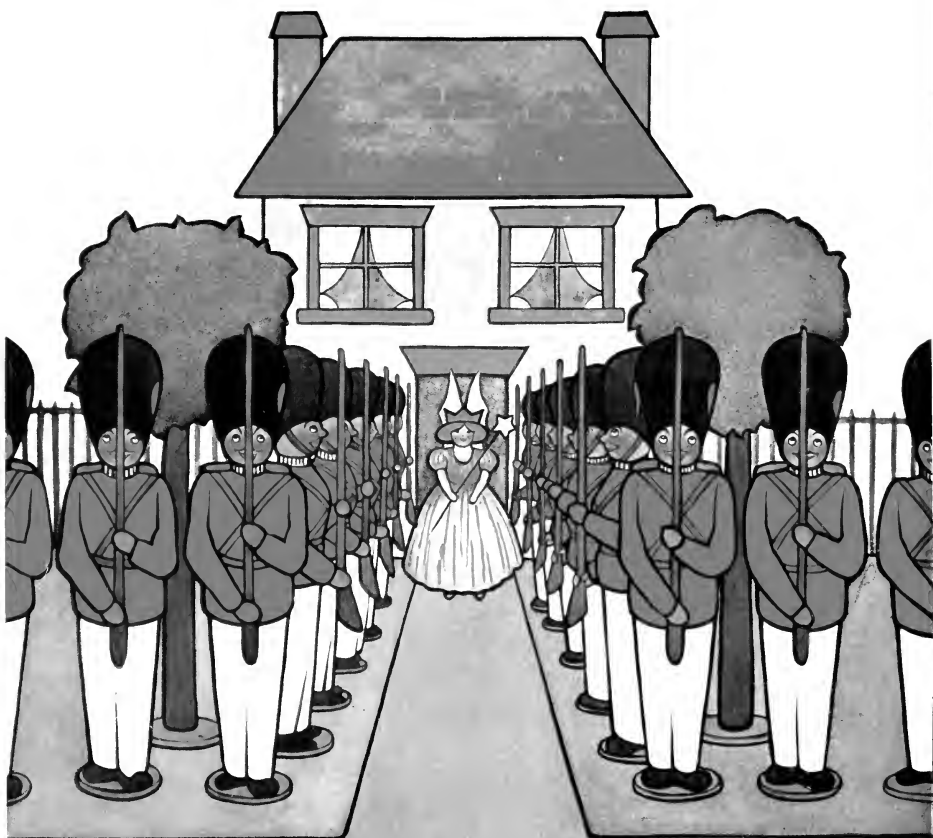
“Quick, quick! jump in, my dear,” cried Cock Robin. “You’re only just in time. I declare, my feathers are all in a flutter!” Then away sped the train with Brownie inside, leaving the others rapidly fading away in the distance.

It certainly was a wonderful ride. Pretty dolls’ houses were dotted all over the country, and smiling dolls waved and shouted from the windows as they passed.









M. Jack

TRIPPING DOWN BETWEEN THEM CAME A BEAUTIFUL DOLL FAIRY.

There was a brightly-painted Noah's Ark, sailing on a sunny lake, and, in the fields around, the toy cattle were having a great frolic. They came running towards the train, craning their stiff necks to peer at Brownie.

Presently the train stopped in front of a very big doll's house, and engine-driver Gollywog cried, "All change here!" A row of smart toy soldiers were lined up on each side of the path, and tripping down between them came a beautiful doll fairy.

“ Welcome, dear Brownie,” she said.
“ We are all waiting for you.” And
with a rousing cheer from the soldiers,
they went into the house.

Oh! it was such fun. There was a great big Christmas tree who told wonderful tales. There were teddy bears, gollywogs and fascinating dolls.

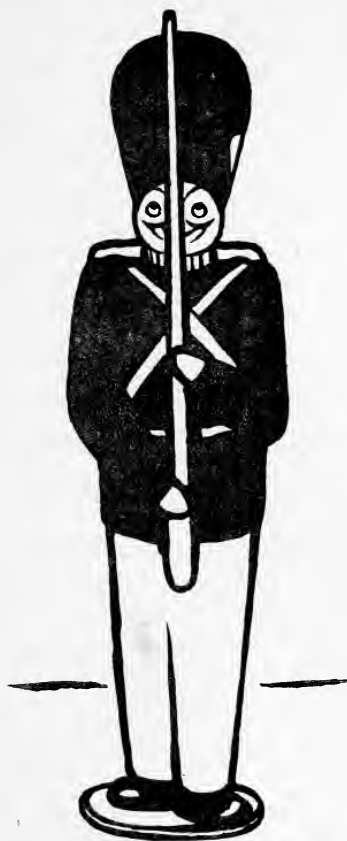
Brownie was a tiny bit shy at first, but Captain Wood, of the 5th Box of Toy Soldiers, soon put him at his ease with his friendly manner, and they had a most exciting time, dancing round the Christmas tree, and playing all kinds of delightful games.



M. Jack

BROWNIE WAS A TINY BIT SHY AT FIRST.





“I have an invitation for you, Brownie my dear,” said the Doll Fairy a little later, “to have tea with the Misses Chrysanthemum. They live in the glass house at the end of the street, so run along now, or you will be late.”

Brownie rang the door bell, and waited timidly outside the glass house. "Just fancy! Tea with chrysanthemums!" he chuckled. "Won't Mummie laugh when I tell her."

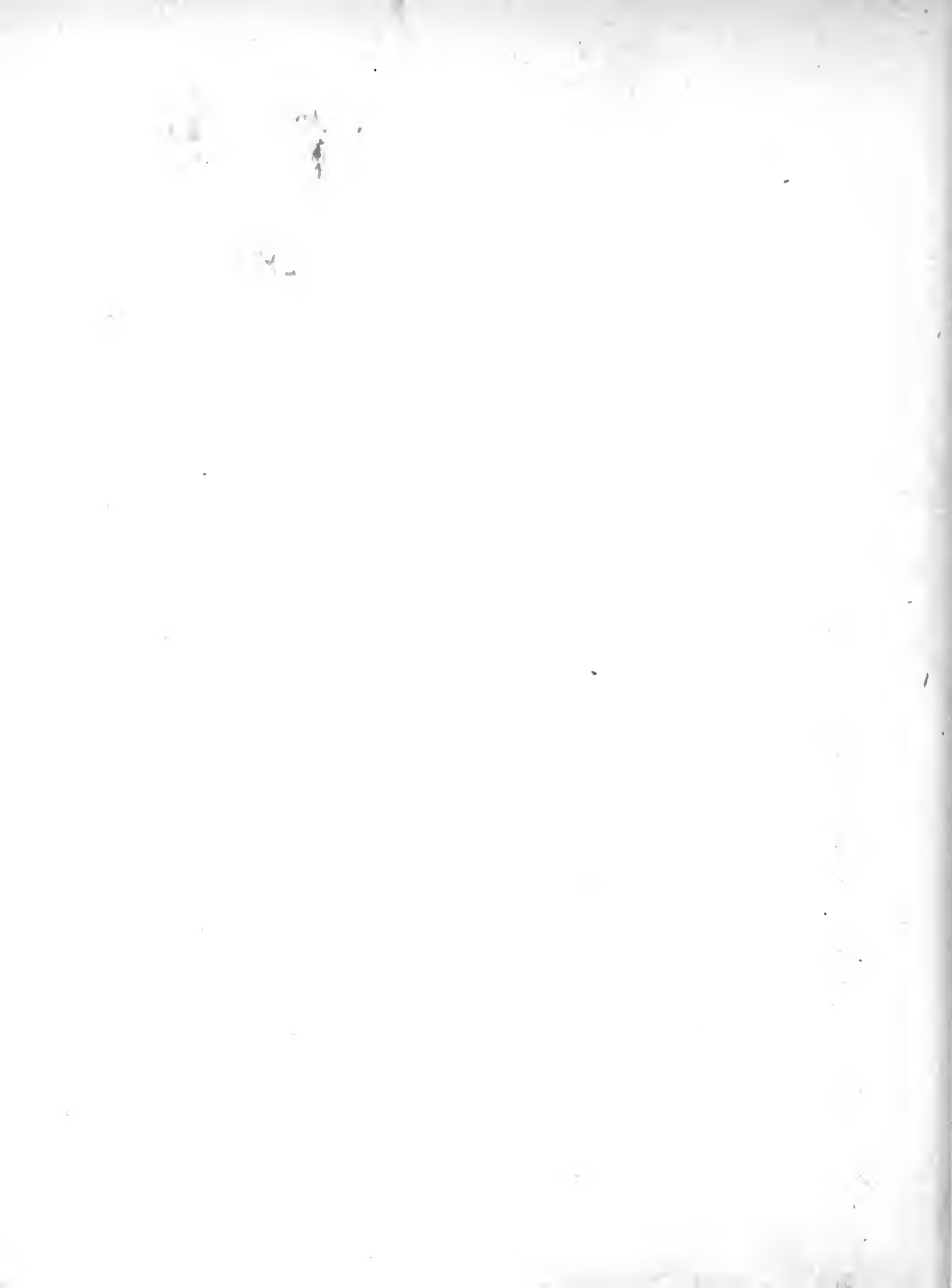
The door opened, and Miss Golden Chrysanthemum peeped out. "Dear me," she said with a blush, "I thought it must be Mr. Holly who was ringing. But come inside, Brownie ; my sisters are waiting for you, and tea is quite ready."

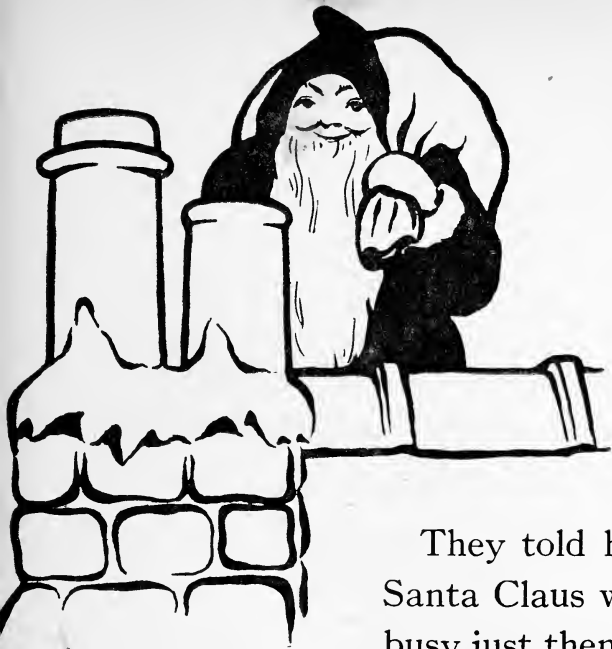
The Misses Chrysanthemum were very kind. They certainly did look quaint with their leafy hands and great masses of flowery hair. The eldest Miss Chrysanthemum poured out tea, and the others offered him all kinds of delicious cakes, and made him eat ever so many.



M. Jack.

THE ELDEST MISS CHRYSANTHEMUM DRAINED HOT TEA.





They told him that Santa Claus was very busy just then, getting ready for his visits down the chimney pots, but they said that Brownie would be sure to see him before he left.

“Ting-a-ling-a-ling!” went the door bell, and Miss Golden Chrysanthemum blushed a bright yellow. “Excuse me, Brownie my dear,” she murmured, and hurried out of the room.

“It must be Mr. Holly,” said the eldest Miss Chrysanthemum. “He is forming an attachment to our sister.”



MR. HOLLY WAS OFFERING HER HIS HEART

Brownie thought it sounded very grand, and, when he heard giggles coming from the hall, he ran with the others and peeped through the curtains. There sat Miss Golden Chrysanthemum, looking very coy; and Mr. Holly, very bold and dashing, was offering her his heart. Placing a prickly arm round Miss Golden's waist, he gave her a loud kiss, which made the eldest Miss Chrysanthemum drop the curtain in great haste.



“Well, that’s a good thing!” she said; “but young people are best left to themselves. Now let us finish our tea, and go on to the concert.”

“Santa Claus will be passing soon,” said Miss Red Chrysanthemum; and as she spoke they heard a loud jingling of bells, and down the street came a sleigh full of dolls and toys, driven by a jovial old gentleman with a long white beard.

“ Why ! it's Santa Claus ! ” shouted Brownie. “ Hie ! Santa Claus, Santa Claus ! ” he yelled.

The old man looked up and laughed. “ Can't stop now, Brownie, ” he cried. “ Don't be late home ! Tell Mummie to keep the chimneys clean. Good-bye. ”

“ Oh ! isn't he lovely ! ” sighed Brownie. “ I must be quick home, or I'll miss him. ”

“ But you must come to the concert, ” said the eldest Miss Chrysanthemum. “ There's plenty of time. ”

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The concert hall was packed. All Christmas land seemed to be there. It was a most enjoyable concert. Miss Mistletoe sang a song about kissing, which made every one laugh a great deal. Jack Frost painted lightning sketches of wonderful ferns and fairy forests. He was such a clever fellow, and looked so fresh and dapper in his glittering white tunic.

But the part that Brownie liked best of all was a song, sung by a big fat Christmas pudding, with a chorus of Crackers.

It began something like this:

“Sing a song of Christmas,
A pudding full of plums,
Christmas comes but once a year,
But *I'm* here when it comes.”

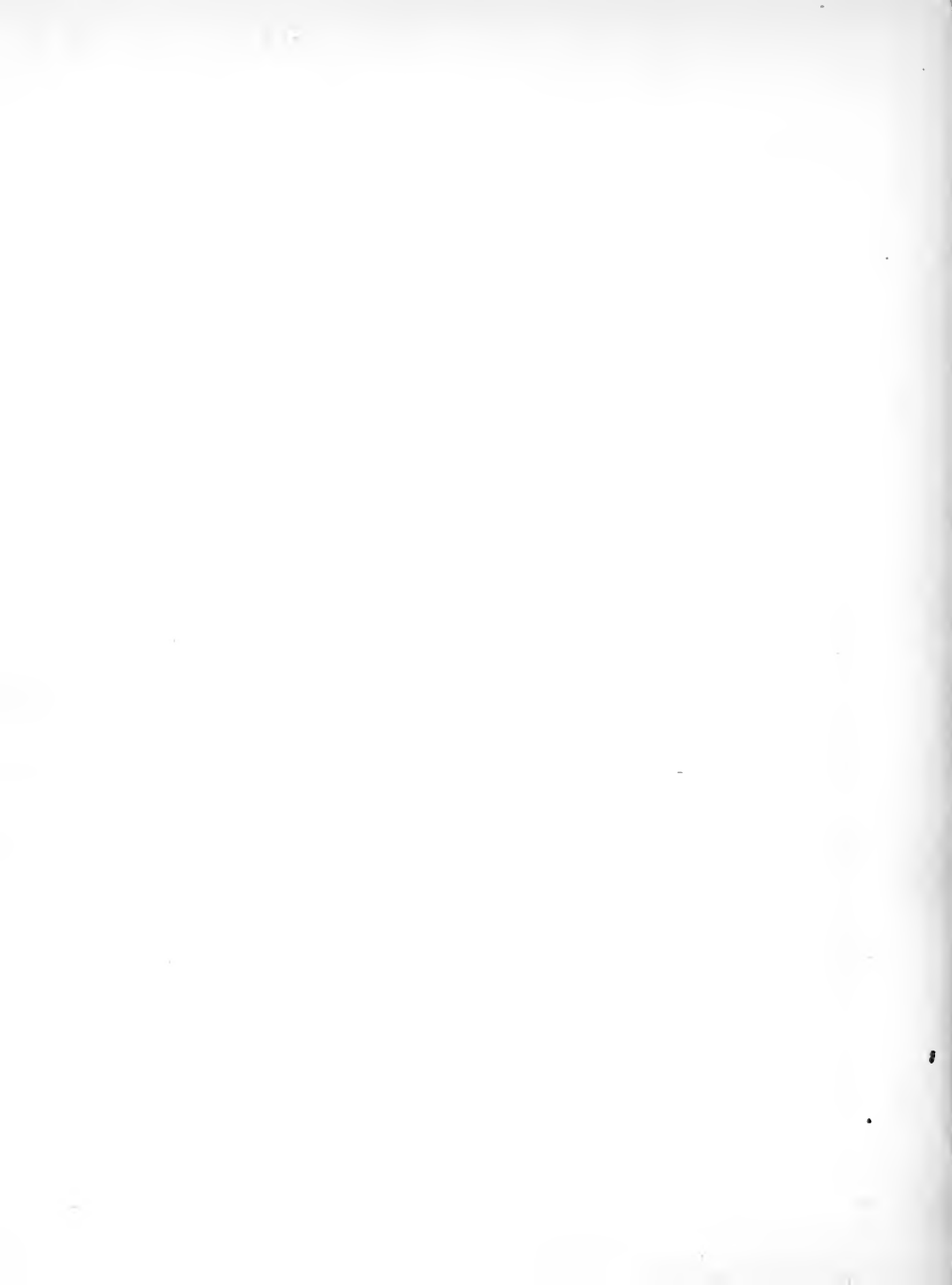
and all the Christmas crackers sang:

“Yes, *we're* here when it comes.”



M. Jack

SING A SONG OF CHRISTMAS



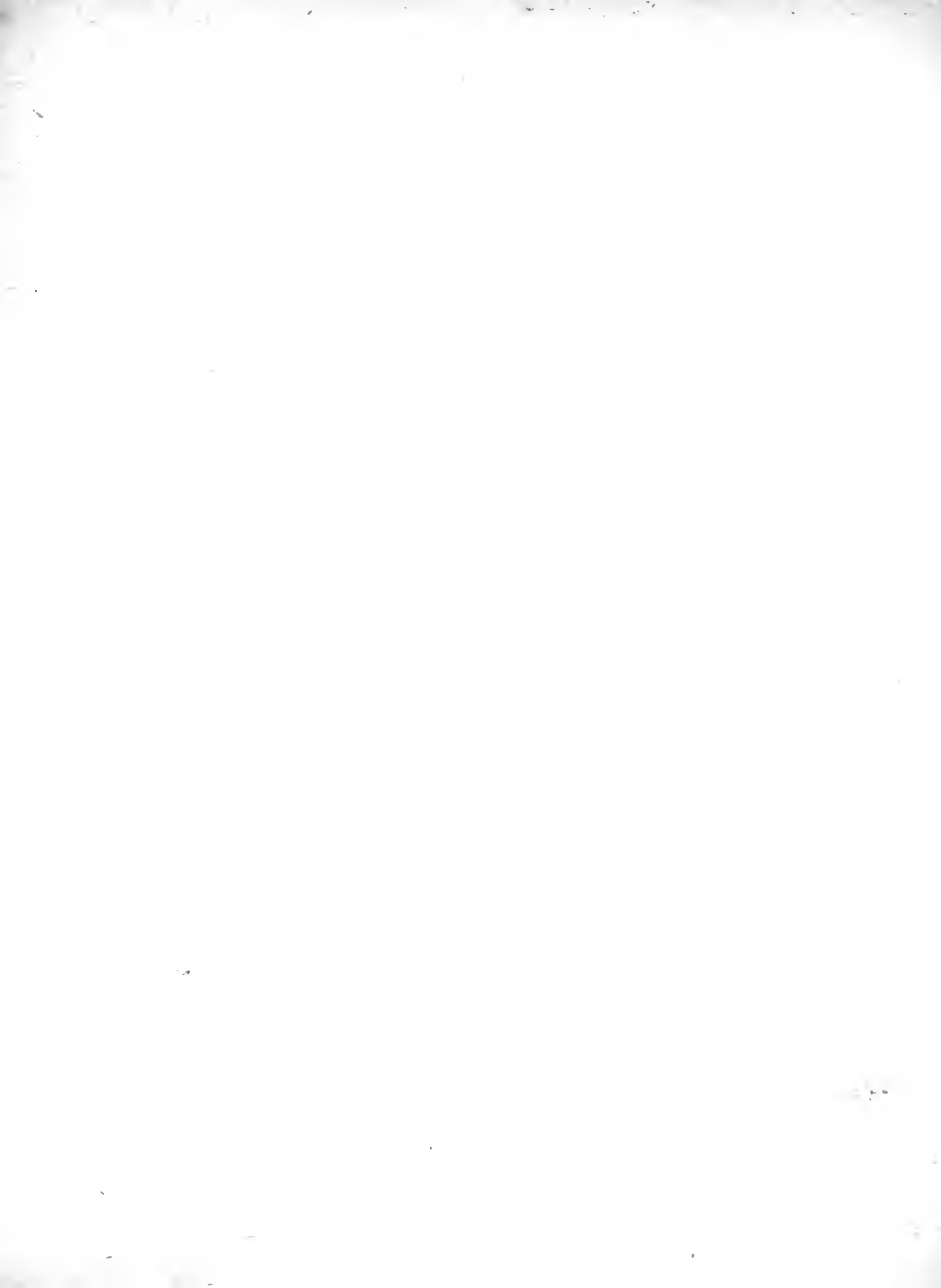




Unfortunately, one of the crackers couldn't reach a top note, and they all began to be nervous,

and quarrelled about the wrong notes. They seemed to forget all about the audience, and fought and pulled each other, and "Crack! crack!" off they went—"Crack! crack!"

"Why!" — — —





M. Jack

BROWNIE SAT UP IN BED.

Brownie sat up in bed. It was Christmas morning, and his little brothers and sisters were pulling their crackers, and laughing over their presents, and Mummie Brownie was calling, "Wake up, Brownie, and see what Santa Claus has brought you. You've been fast asleep."

Brownie pinched himself to make sure he was awake. For there on the floor sat engine-driver Golly and his friends of the doll's house party; and in a pot, at the foot of his bed, was Miss Golden Chrysanthemum.

‘Oh! Golly, don’t you remember me?’ cried Brownie. But Golly, if he did remember, said nothing, but sat there smiling a knowing smile, as if he could tell a great deal if he wanted.

And perhaps he could.

CHILDREN'S
CENTRAL



